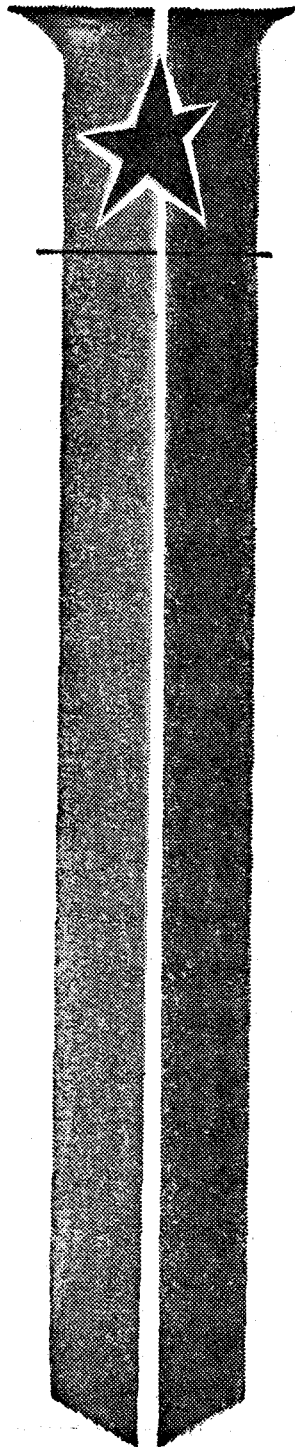


Frank Kermode on T. S. Eliot

THE NATION

October 26, 1963 . . 35c



Trading Stamps **Welcome Hoax**

Desmond Smith

Anatomy of a Coup **THE FALL OF JUAN BOSCH**

Norman Gall

A Ruptured Peace Movement

J. B. Priestley

THE TWO GOLDWATERS

Stanley Meisler

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LETTERS

General Motors overseas

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his article, "American Plants Abroad" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5) former Rep. Frank Kowalski mentions "... the laissez-faire American business operations do not always mesh comfortably into the semi-socialistic economies of Latin America or Europe" and by way of illustration cites a layoff of workmen by General Motors (France) in 1962. Mr. Kowalski states that, "A French company would have consulted and negotiated with the officials concerned before closing its doors to its workers. General Motors, according to reports, executed the layoff in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations."

The purpose of this letter is to correct the misunderstanding created by the reports to which Mr. Kowalski refers. According to French regulations, no group layoff can take place in industry without prior notification to employee representatives and to appropriate governmental authorities. Consequently, it would have been impossible under French law for the layoff to have taken place "... in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations" — as alleged in the article. Official notice of the proposed layoff was given by General Motors (France) management to the authorities over two months in advance and to employee representatives over one month in advance. Furthermore, even if the legal requirement had not existed, the management of General Motors (France) would never have acted in the precipitate and arbitrary manner charged, jeopardizing its long-standing reputation as a good employer and corporate citizen in the community. . . .

Earl C. Daum,

General Manager

General Motors Overseas Operations

Volunteers needed

Dear Sirs: I am seeking volunteers for a study of persons who have become active in efforts to achieve disarmament and enduring peace as the result of a particular experience or series of experiences within the past few years. Since there probably are many such persons among your readers, I am taking this means of locating them.

To qualify for participation, the person should be able to identify and describe the experience, the resulting changes in his attitudes and activities, and should have some idea as to what might have caused the changes.

Participants are interviewed or asked to fill out a questionnaire about the nature of the episode and the changes in themselves. Confidential-

ity will be maintained. Results will be communicated to those who take part.

Those who qualify and are interested in participating are requested to write me at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore 5, Md.

Jerome D. Frank, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry

Berkeley and Birmingham

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Is the "Athens of the West," Berkeley, California, becoming the "Birmingham of the West"? What was reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* was kept out of the *Berkeley Gazette*, namely, that the "steering committee" of the group that tried to stop the Rumford Housing Act was "composed of prominent businessmen from Berkeley whose identity is secret."

In Berkeley, the white power structure of downtown merchants, whose pictures appear every day in the *Gazette*, cutting some sort of ribbon or opening up some sort of sale, remain silent on the activities of their fellow members; they may have the legal right but they certainly do not have the moral right. In my opinion, there is a complete moral breakdown by the leading citizens of our community. . . . One looks for some expression of concern; one finds none. Some place, somewhere in this "Athens of the West," there must be a Socrates.

George Kauffman

Rackets and rights

New York City

Dear Sirs: Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy is pursuing a course ominous to civil libertarians in the present publicity sessions of the Senate investigations subcommittee into rackets. . . . Mr. Kennedy cited an "urgent" need for a new federal wire-tap law, to open up telephone lines, and immunity status for new informers, to undercut the Fifth Amendment. Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy begged for an "unequivocal" wire-tap law "to beat back New York area narcotics overlords."

Though sympathy should be expressed for civil liberties, no sympathy need be expressed for the Mafia. For does Robert F. Kennedy naively believe he can knock out drug rackets through police repression? He sadly fails to comprehend the motive force behind the sale of illegal drugs. A far cheaper and more effective solution is to take the steps to eliminate the conditions which enable a black market in drugs to flourish, to establish a medically directed program for the control of addiction, as discussed by

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Alfred R. Lindesmith in his article "Addiction: Beginnings of Wisdom" (*The Nation*, Jan. 19, 1963).

Meanwhile the full brunt of the new laws would undoubtedly fall on those working for peace, integration and civil liberties.

J. Skelton Williams Jr.
Lecturer, Queens College

On Target

One reason that the rulers of so many countries live in fear of revolution is that they are afraid to tackle the big problems. Thus conditions gradually become intolerable for the people at the bottom of the heap, and after a while for those farther up. Then the intellectuals become disaffected, and a revolutionary situation develops. This can happen even while the economy as a whole is prosperous; it depends on how it maintains its prosperity. The method the United States has resorted to — arms manufacture and the exploration of space — is perilous in the extreme. For that reason alone Harold Wilson's speech at the Labour Party's convention is worth reading and re-reading. The American press paid scant attention to it; one would have thought that Wilson was going to be the next Prime Minister of San Marino.

Wilson said that it is time for a new politics. The old politics, practiced by old-line politicians and even to a large extent by New Frontiersmen, no longer works because we are living in a new world, and what we are witnessing now is only the beginning. We can expect more changes in industry in the next fifteen years than there have been in the past 250. Two hundred and fifty years — that takes us back to 1713! What, then, will 1980 be like?

There is no way of stopping the scientific-industrial revolution and Wilson faced the fact when he told his audience, "We have no room for Luddites in the Labour Party." Computers, now making calculations in a millionth of a second, will be solving more complex problems in a trillionth of a second; machine tools will all but reproduce themselves; a flood of consumer goods produced with little human labor will inundate the market. The Labour Party, of course, stands for right-wing socialism, but that is the minimum for Britain's problems today. "If there had never been a case for socialism," Wilson said, "automation would have created it." He called for a marriage of science and socialism to *accelerate* technological and social progress — a strange contrast with the United States, where the Republican Party seems likely to nominate a candidate who would, as the saying goes, like to repeal the twentieth century. Train more scientists, Wilson said, instead of worrying about those who emigrate to the United States and blaming the United States for offering them better laboratories and salaries. Then see that those scientists are *creatively* employed, not locked up in armament plants. No one would welcome socially useful employment more than the scientists. For every Edward Teller there must be ten who are unhappy with things as they are and who would like to live in, and leave to their children, a world that looks to the future with hope, not with foreboding bordering on despair.

It is no secret that C. P. Snow, J. Bronowski, P. M. S.

Blackett and others have been trying for two decades to get the Labour Party to say what Wilson has now said. It is not that they are pressing technocracy on us; competence as a scientist does not qualify anyone for politics, although, like these three, there are scientists who have something to say on the larger issues that have baffled the traditional type of politician. What Wilson's speech does mean — and not only for Britain — is that society must recognize the scientific-industrial revolution in its entirety and make it serve mankind.

Ticket for the GOP

Only yesterday Richard M. Nixon was as good as buried politically. In his dying moments he even cursed the newspaper men to their faces, blaming them for his defeat in the California gubernatorial election. He avowed he was through, and many a voter felt America was the better for it. Yet here he is, live again and whole, solicited for help by the ailing Rockefeller and, as he says, at the eye of the hurricane. And, we may be sure, looking around him for whatever the hurricane may blow his way.

Goldwater may change his ideas, or at least what he says publicly, as the Republican candidacy drifts within his reach, but Dick is much the same as when we last saw him. He really never had any ideas to speak of; in this he resembled General Eisenhower. But there was a striking difference between the two men. Eisenhower had integrity and good will, and for these qualities one could respect him. In Nixon, whatever admirable qualities there may be (such as being a good family man and kind to dogs) are overlaid by a thick, dirty crust of opportunism. He seems constantly to be sniffing for some issue whose espousal can cost him nothing, but which may get him support from people so stupid or so prejudiced that they can't or won't think.

Examples abound in Mr. Nixon's October 12 *Saturday Evening Post* article, but since they are all much the same, one will suffice. He announces that only the mobilization of an aroused and informed American public opinion will prevent the sellout (by Kennedy) of the right of 97 million enslaved people in Eastern Europe to be free. "Our goal must be a free Cuba, a free Eastern Europe, a free Russia, a free China. And every policy must be directed to reach that goal *through peaceful means*." (Italics added.)

The Nation has plumped for Goldwater as the Republican nominee. Since Goldwater is rather a trimmer, a fit running mate for him would be Nixon, who stands foursquare on the old hogwash, solidified under his feet. Such a ticket—Goldwater for President, Nixon for Vice President—would lose, but the campaign would be more educational than if the Republicans nominated two of their more electable prospects.

Handwriting on the Wall

In the last eighteen months, six elected Latin American governments have been overthrown by the military. Except for Argentina, they were not among the most important — although no Latin American government can be considered unimportant. But trouble is brewing in Venezuela and Brazil; and they are not only big, but American investments there are big. It has frequently been pointed out that the United States no longer lends Marines to collect debts for U.S. corporations, but in an even more acute situation it may be difficult for us to continue to go straight. It is widely reported in Washington that if something akin to Castroism takes over Venezuela the Marines will land. And then what? Suppose Brazil follows? Except that it hasn't got as big an army, Brazil is as much of a man-trap as China. Are we going to occupy all of Latin America, in the name of democracy, if the Alliance for Progress should disintegrate?

Why do these misfortunes overtake us so regularly? The Kennedy Administration, it is true, inherited a situation in which the mass of Latin Americans are illiterate, destitute and overly prolific. Largely, also, they depend for their living, such as it is, on one-crop economies subject to the vicissitudes of the world market, and are ruled by feudal and military oligarchies. Yet, with all these handicaps, it seems strange that such considerable sums of money poured into these countries have not ameliorated conditions appreciably, and that some well-intentioned regimes have been so easily overthrown by whatever tin-horn colonel happened to be in the saddle.

It is less strange than it seems. Latin American governments are overthrown by conspirators armed with American tanks, guns, ships and planes; and as often as not the conspirators have had advanced military training in American service schools. Senator Gruening called attention to this outrage on both the American taxpayers and the Latin American peoples in a speech reported in the *Congressional Record* of October 1. With a number of other Senators, Mr. Gruening has proposed an amendment to the foreign-aid bill to abolish *all* military aid to Latin American countries. In this speech Mr. Gruening points out once more that such "aid" had not added and will never add to the security of Latin America from invasion or infiltration by communism, which under these conditions grows from within. It merely serves, he shows, as an instrument for the overthrow of democratic institutions by the military, who loathe democracy and are glad to serve the small wealthy classes of their countries.

Nor are these revolutions always displeasing to the Latin American specialists who serve our government. Under John Foster Dulles, they set an example for ambitious Latin American militarists when they instigated the successful uprising against Arbenz, which was prepared and consummated under the direction of the CIA and U.S. Ambassador John Peurifoy. There are people in Washington who have only two things

on their minds: communism and the protection of American investments. To them, the military faction in a country menaced by popular discontent is the lesser evil. They may not regard it as an evil at all. Dictatorship of the Right seems to them better than anything which smacks of the Left, and the more so if the latter is clearly in the interest of the people of the country concerned.

The Alliance for Progress may prove unworkable under any circumstances. But its chances for success are not enhanced by the fact that entrenched factions in the Washington bureaucracy are not in sympathy with its objectives.

Managing the News

No one expects a newspaper or magazine office to be an abode of sweetness and light. It is something of a novelty, however, when the home-office staff of a national magazine sets out to do a hatchet job on its brethren covering a civil war in a country 10,000 miles away, under conditions of extreme difficulty and danger that have rarely been duplicated. This distinction belongs to *Time*, whose two correspondents in South Vietnam, Charles Mohr and Merton Perry, resigned in protest against an article critical of the American corps of correspondents, who were alleged to be painting the situation in colors darker than warranted by the facts. This would be something of a feat in itself, but the people in the New York office apparently wanted a more "constructive" attitude toward the war, less reflection on the Ngo ruling family, and not as much wordage on Buddhist monks burning themselves to death in protest.

More is involved, however, than an intramural clash in the *Time* organization. Not long ago there was considerable ado in the U.S. press about governmental attempts to manage the news. The focus of the indignation was Arthur Sylvester, the press officer of the Defense Department, and the occasion was the confrontation over the Soviet missiles in Cuba. Vietnam has proved that some sectors of the press are not averse to doing a bit of managing themselves. There are several techniques. The most familiar is to send out big-name journalists on Cook's tours to survey the situation and present it according to their lights, which are well known in advance. Thus, when the New York *Herald Tribune* dispatched Marguerite Higgins to South Vietnam, it was a sure bet that what emerged from her typewriter would please the Ngos, General Harkins and the everything's-gonna-be-all-right people in the Defense Department, the State Department, the CIA and civilian warriors outside the government. Miss Higgins covered pages and pages of the *Trib* with what amounted to an apologia for Ngo Dinh Diem. This made a good many people in other editorial offices uneasy. Even *The New York Times* which, with Homer Bigart on the scene and now David Halberstam, has furnished its readers and the American public with the unvarnished facts on Vietnam, started to worry and kept asking Halberstam

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what it was all about. Halberstam, who was under something of a strain even before the Ngo special police beat him up, cabled back that if there were any more questions about "that woman's copy . . . I resign, repeat, resign."

In its October 11 issue *Time* reviews the controversy. The correspondents, it finds, are "somewhat on the young side, energetic, ambitious, convivial, in love with their work." But this "tightly knit" group tends to be "severely critical of practically everything" — which could be, of course, because there was practically nothing that any conscientious reporter could be happy about. What they reported about the course of the war "was seriously questioned in Washington" — although what they wrote about the deterioration of the Diem government was, regrettably, true. So now Washington, which a while ago was culpably manipulating the news, is invoked by *Time* to suggest that the fellows in South Vietnam, between harassments, wire tapings, lying handouts and beatings, are the ones who are misleading the American public! This is a form of management of the news which, if a little more subtle than the Sylvester type, is hardly less detestable from the standpoint of honest journalism.

Triumph for Franco

Blinded by the TV images of Valachi and Mme. Nhu, a bemused American public is hardly aware that we have entered into a closer alliance with Franco's Spain. The signing in New York on September 26 of a new agreement between this country and Spain — dubbed an agreement so as to avoid the complications

of treaty ratification — has been acclaimed in Spain as a triumph for Franco, as indeed it is. The agreement in effect establishes a mutual alliance; any threat to the security and integrity of either country or to joint facilities that "each provides for the common defense" is a matter of common concern, calling for appropriate action. For Spain the most likely threat would be internal, yet some of the funds we will give Franco will be used to modernize the Spanish Army — the better to prepare it to put down internal riots or possible insurrections in Ceuta and Melilla.

The agreement is preposterous as well as morally offensive because Russia was never less of a threat to Europe than at this time. Some 5,000 incidents are said to have occurred on the Sino-Soviet border in 1962; the Soviets are reported to have shifted forces from the Western front to guard the long border with China. At the same time, we are withdrawing some 5,400 troops from France as part of a program to streamline military supply lines in Europe. The three Strategic Air Command bases in Spain have themselves largely been made obsolete by intercontinental bombers and missiles. The new rationale is that we need the naval installations at Rota to service Polaris submarine tenders. Not only is the bases agreement extended for five years, but we will be pouring \$100 million into Spain. For Franco the agreement is a windfall, for us a liability; we got a keg of nails and the odium of acquiring as an ally a regime that our other Western allies have several times blackballed for membership in NATO, but Franco got \$100 million, a bilateral alliance with this country, and the prestige of a diplomatic triumph. And we used to be regarded as shrewd bargainers!

A Ruptured Peace Movement . . . J. B. Priestley

London

Let me clear a little ground first. I was one of the originators of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), which indeed came into existence as a kind of response to an article I wrote in the *New Statesman*. When Bertrand Russell was its president, I was its vice president. But now I have had no direct contact with CND for several years. I did not leave it because I had changed my mind about its policy.

What drove me out — though I gave my patience an airing for a year or so — was the decision to abandon the loose notion of a campaign, trying to educate the public,

J. B. Priestley's most recent book is an autobiographical work, Margin Released (Harper & Row).

October 26, 1963

and to set up in its place something organized almost like a national political party, bristling with councils and committees and elections and conferences. I admit that the movement was growing very fast, and therefore asking for more organization, if only to deal with finance, than we had had at first. But I thought this political-party style a mistake, encouraging a great waste of time and money and offering opportunities to the types who want to spend every evening playing politics.

Incidentally, although my wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, was one of its best-known figures, as she well deserved to be, I never went near the Aldermaston March. I did all the marching I ever wanted to do in the First World War. My job, I felt,

was to write articles and address meetings (which I have done in many countries, also speaking on radio and TV), and not go marching and demonstrating. But the increasing size of the Aldermaston March compelled the press, radio and TV to report CND. The 1962 demonstration, which was really vast, was the greatest triumph of this idea. And this was when it should have ended. This year's march did CND more harm than good, for reasons that will appear.

I need not dwell on the fact that the Labour Conference, under Hugh Gaitskell's impassioned direction, finally rejected unilateralism. It is already well known. What is not widely understood, however, is that this attempt to capture the Labour Party was by no means the be-all

and end-all of CND's existence. It is a mistake to estimate the movement in too narrow political terms. One of its main objects — and the one I cared most about — was to educate public opinion, which had been almost entirely at the mercy of pro-nuclear propaganda. And we largely succeeded, not only through articles and pamphlets and huge meetings in the cities but also through the thousands of tiny meetings organized by CND's many hundreds of local branches. I say that we changed the climate of opinion in England. I know this because I know what it was like when we began the campaign and had to meet opposing opinion head-on. Innumerable "sane, level-headed" men gradually began to adopt the ideas originally denounced as the thinking of crackpots. The very newspapers that first boycotted us now often write as we had written and talked. I do not say they turned unilateral, but there was a definite shift in their attitude toward nuclear weapons and the testing and piling up of them. CND had not toiled in vain.

It moved too slowly, however, for some people, mostly young but spectacularly led by Earl Russell. They wanted civil disobedience, arrests by the police, trials and fines and if necessary — for they were genuinely courageous — prison sentences. So the Committee of 100 was formed. (A smaller "Direct Action" group had been in existence for some time.) The earlier and larger demonstrations of the committee certainly obtained a great deal of publicity, some of it hostile, some of it grudgingly respectful. The committee was not a branch of CND, which had never accepted the policy of civil disobedience; it was an entirely separate organization; and some of its leaders rather disliked CND, and especially showed hostility toward the chairman, Canon Collins.

Now John Collins is a close friend of mine, and I know him a great deal better than the people who write and talk about him. I know that he is deeply and selflessly devoted to the causes he adopts but is quite free from fanaticism and has a very real feeling for people. He has in fact the essential Christian virtues together with their defects. He is too optimistic; he dis-

likes taking a firm line; he is tolerant past the point where toleration ceases to be reasonable. On the other hand, he is a skillful and experienced chairman and committee man, and has kept CND together in one piece as no other man I know could have done. He has been like a man condemned to trot along a winding lane holding an eight-foot jellyfish fully capable of stinging him.

What has been called "the umbrella policy" of CND reflects Canon Collins' temperament, tolerance and anxiety to keep the movement in being. The idea is that it should not sharply disassociate itself from, but indeed share some of its resources with, any group working for nuclear disarmament, even though the particular activities of the group do not fall in line with CND's own policy. This has not worked well. During the last twelve months, CND has lost rather than gained ground. This year's Aldermaston March was on the whole damaging to CND's public image, chiefly because the groups taking advantage of "the umbrella," joining the march but then behaving as they saw fit, did the movement more harm than good.

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that CND is suffering from Communist infiltration. It is simply not a fact that too many Communists have come in under "the umbrella." The groups that tend to work the mischief are made up of quite different types, and the present position of CND cannot be understood unless we take a look at these groups.

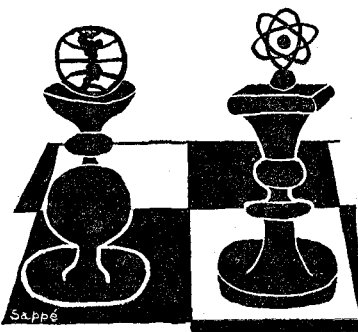
There are, first, the out-and-out fanatical pacifists who cannot be satisfied with anything short of total disarmament. They refuse to make any compromises. They will not budge an inch. They are not for the most part busy intriguers, but they do provide a kind of stiff,

leaden opposition to any realistic policy.

The next group is smaller but influential if only because it consists of people who never stop meeting and talking and planning. They are the people who want to play politics all the time. They are often personally ambitious. They regard CND not as an instrument by means of which British unilateral nuclear disarmament might be achieved, but as a field in which their hitherto unrecognized political talent might be offered plenty of scope. They are entirely different in temperament and outlook from the vast mass of CND supporters, but they acquire influence and power simply because they never do stop meeting and talking, plotting and planning. And they cannot help wanting to turn CND into some sort of vague political party, something that was never intended.

The third group, which is probably growing fast, is of more importance than the other two, and so deserves a closer examination. It consists chiefly of young people, who have a strong if unfocused rebelliousness, though it is led, so far as it can be led, by some older and cooler types. These last have some sort of political philosophy, believing as they do that our parliamentary democratic system has outlasted its usefulness and is now a fake and a fraud. (The conduct of our Tory government, which in all decency ought to have resigned months ago, but which will not go to the country until its public-opinion experts advise it to, undoubtedly encourages this cynicism about parliamentary government.) These people believe in civil disobedience and "direct action" not simply to attract attention to our nuclear dilemma but as a new kind of general political action, which in the end will make parliamentary government impossible. The more extreme of them — a tiny number but by no means without influence — are really making use of CND and its large "umbrella" for their own ends. And it is they — though they are not alone in this — who proclaim that what they call "the old guard" in CND should now make way for youth and enthusiasm and a new tough line.

This idea is not without support among the headquarters staff of CND and the persons who write



for *Sanity*, the monthly periodical now selling, I understand, between 30,000 and 40,000 copies. And now we arrive at the recent decision, spotlighted in the press, of many of the more important members of CND not to allow themselves to be nominated, at the forthcoming annual conference, for membership in the council and the executive. Here we will have to make a distinction between Labour M.P.s such as Anthony Greenwood and Michael Foot, and private persons such as my wife. The latter no longer wish to serve on the council or the executive because they feel the "umbrella" policy of CND makes them in part responsible for all manner of actions taken by the three groups I have already noted, actions of which they strongly disapprove. On the other hand, the Labour members declare that the forthcoming general election will leave them no time for CND work. But this is not the whole story, for I am sure these Labour members feel that a CND connection might be a serious embarrassment during the election.

After all, there is one small splinter group, INDEC, which actually (and idiotically, in my opinion) wants to put up CND parliamentary candidates.

Three events could happen during the next two months. Canon Collins, still the key figure, could offer himself for re-election as chairman on the understanding that the "umbrella" policy is considerably modified and there is a showdown with the hostile groups. This would largely return CND to its original task of educating public opinion. Or Canon Collins could walk out, telling the critics of "the old guard" to accept responsibility and make use of the movement as they please. Or vague, soothing words could be uttered at the annual conference, with no showdown, and CND (now short of money) could wobble along toward gradual disintegration. Of these three choices — but remember I write as one of the oldest of "the old guard" — it seems to me that the first is the best. It would keep

the mass movement in being until after the general election (and what happens at the election is of enormous importance to CND); and while improving its public image, not improved by unnecessary demonstrations made by the wilder young people, it could again begin educating, instead of flaunting, public opinion.

One final point. CND worked hard to achieve a European federation of anti-nuclear movements. It looked like succeeding. But the intervention at various levels of the three hostile groups, together with some encouragement of them from headquarters staff, has brought into existence a "confederation," a hodgepodge of peace movements of any and every kind, that has gravely endangered the previous federation and so far achieved precious little else. What these movements need, at home or abroad, are a few more cool heads and a lot less hot-heads. We have a better chance of compelling our government to behave sensibly if we behave sensibly ourselves.

ANATOMY OF A COUP

THE FALL OF JUAN BOSCH Norman Gall

A regular and constitutional government having thus been set up, the Government of the United States would feel at liberty thereafter to insist that revolutionary movements cease and that all changes in the Government of the Republic be effected by the peaceful processes provided in the Dominican Constitution. By no other course can the United States fulfill its treaty obligations with Santo Domingo or its tacitly conceded obligations as the nearest friend of Santo Domingo in its relations with the rest of the world.

President Woodrow Wilson, July, 1914

San Juan, P.R.
The September 25 overthrow of President Juan Bosch of the Dominican Republic, followed quickly by the military coup against President Ramon Villeda Morales of Honduras and the threat of other army take-overs in Venezuela, Brazil and elsewhere in Central America, presents the United States with the choice of whether it shall use its power to protect constitutional government in these nations or abandon them to their customary alternations between civil disorder and military dictatorship.

President Wilson's dictum, issued two years before the 1916-24 U.S.

Marine occupation, was part of a plan to end political and financial chaos in the Dominican Republic. It represents what have been our best intentions toward Santo Domingo and the other small, dependent nations of the Caribbean for half a century. Recent events again have raised the question of whether the United States shall shyly pretend to remain merely a nation among nations of the hemisphere, or shall further develop its character as an international institution embedded in the life of every republic, a unifying force for stability aimed at ending Latin America's political and economic stagna-

tion and at creating new markets for its own production.

The curse of Santo Domingo (as well as the curse of Venezuela, Central America and pre-Castro Cuba) has always been the unclear division of political and economic sovereignty between the United States and the group that may happen to control the national government at a given time. The establishment of political democracy in the Dominican Republic during the period between the May, 1961, assassination of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo and the December, 1962, election of Bosch and his *Partido Revolucionario Dominicano* (DRP) was largely the work of U.S. policy. Not only did American diplomats help

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organize the Trujillo slaying and the CIA supply arms for the assassins (see my article, "How Trujillo Died," *The New Republic*, April 13, 1963) but a show of U.S. diplomatic insistence and military power forced the Trujillo clan to leave the country, making way for fourteen months of government by a seven-man Provisional State Council, which the U.S. was instrumental in creating. When the conservative provisional government was momentarily overthrown in January, 1962, in a coup led by Echevarria, U.S. warships appeared just beyond the three-mile limit off Santo Domingo, U.S. Consul John Calvin Hill told Echevarria to get out, and the revolution was over.

Though the United States gave the seven-month Bosch government vigorous diplomatic support and much technical and finan-



cial aid, these were not sufficient to keep it in power. Though U.S. Ambassador John Bartlow Martin and his aides knew since early July that a coup was in the works, they did not include the threat of force in their persistent efforts to persuade the military and political leaders of the coup not to attempt Bosch's overthrow. Nor were U.S. diplomats aided by U.S. military attachés; the latter made no effort to disguise their hostility to the Bosch regime in their conversations with Dominican officers. The threat to withdraw diplomatic recognition and the \$86 million in Alliance for Progress aid obviously was not enough to convince after the United States recognized coup-created regimes in Peru, Ecuador, Argentina and Guatemala. It is likely, however, that Bosch would still be in power if on the weekend before the coup, when an anti-government general strike and insurrectionist radio announcers were getting lit-

tle response, American warships had reappeared off the Dominican coast and Ambassador Martin had made it clear that their presence meant support for Bosch.

America's failure to use sufficient power to preserve constitutional order presumes a degree of national sovereignty in the Dominican Republic that it has exercised very seldom in its bloody history of foreign interventions, civil wars and military dictatorships. In the seventy years before the 1916 U.S. Marine intervention, there were forty-three presidents and fifty-six revolutions issuing from constantly shifting configurations of regional military *caudillos* and their friends and relatives in the commercial and landholding oligarchy. The United States was on the right road with Wilson's 1914 dictum, which was never sufficiently implemented to protect the Dominican people against the depredations of adventurers like those who overthrew Bosch last month.

The Dominican Republic's history as a nation began in 1821, when a group of creole landlords revolted successfully against Spain and tried to join Simon Bolivar's Gran Colombia Republic. In 1822, Haitian armies swarmed over the republic and ruled it as a province until 1844, when they were ousted by the liberation army of Juan Pablo Duarte. In 1861, fearing another Haitian conquest, the Dominicans requested and obtained re-annexation by Spain. Four years later they revolted and again won their independence. Four years after that, the campaign of Dictator Baez and two American carpetbaggers for annexation by the United States resulted in approval by President Ulysses S. Grant of treaties for annexation and for a 99-year lease on Semana Bay (which, however, failed of Senate ratification). In 1888, another dictator, Ulises Heureaux, was so hard pressed by foreign creditors holding Dominican bonds that he turned over customs collection to a group of Amsterdam financiers in exchange for purchase of about \$475,000 in new bonds. The United States took over Dominican customs collections in 1905 as financial conditions continued to deteriorate, and the customs remained in U.S. hands until the country's debts were liquidated and

the Trujillo-Hull treaty was signed in 1940.

This distressing record contains only three periods of relative political stability: the seventeen-year Heureaux dictatorship (1882-99), the eight year U.S. Marine occupation (1916-24) and the thirty-one-year era of Trujillo (1930-61). In the twenty-eight months since Trujillo's assassination there have been four Dominican governments and, given the weakness of the puppet three-man council now presiding, there is likelihood of others soon. Thus it is easy to see why Juan Bosch, upset by the same traditional oligarchy that ran the country for 120 years, could not govern in the Dominican Republic.

But there are additional reasons, just as important:

(1) Juan Bosch is lean, moody, handsome. Like most Latin American politicians, Bosch was far more at home in the stratagems of *personalismo*—of blandishments, promises, conspiracies, maneuvers, denunciations—than in the launching of successful government. Like many Latin American social democrats, he needed and wanted U.S. backing but was wary of becoming an *entreguista* (surrenderer) of sovereignty. This led him to make gratuitous attacks on the Esso Standard Oil Co. and the South Porto Rico Sugar Co. (which operates a large complex of mills and plantations in Santo Domingo), making it much easier for the plotters of the coup to press their phony charges of communism. Like most Latin American presidents, Bosch was the whole show and incapable of delegating authority. He saw too many people and personally arbitrated too many routine questions. He worked sixteen hours a day, yet he wasted much time and energy in spurious political squabbles and so his government showed little movement toward the reforms he promised.

(2) Poverty in the Dominican Republic, which Bosch promised to relieve by democratic social revolution, is so great as to be a danger to a nonmilitary government that does not move quickly and dramatically toward its solution.

Although the soil is generally fertile, the average peasant family's income is less than \$1 per day. Seventy per cent of the people live on

the land, 60 per cent are illiterate, and most suffer from the debilitating parasitical infections that stay the productive capacity of tropical populations. Unemployment is conservatively estimated to run above 30 per cent. Meanwhile, the hemispheric population explosion has reached one of its peak rates in Santo Domingo, with the population growing by 3.6 per cent annually, compared with 2.6 per cent for all Latin America and 1.8 per cent for the world. During Trujillo's thirty-one years in power, the Dominican people multiplied by 250 per cent, and population is expected to double again in the next twenty years.

At the same time, the nation's 8,000-square-mile mountain watershed area of valuable pine and mahogany timberland is being denuded rapidly by nomadic farmers. There are 70,000 such nomadic families in the mountains, and if 40,000 are not moved, the republic will be eroded like Haiti within a generation, its highlands stripped of trees and its streams clogged with upland sediment.

In the closing years of the Trujillo dictatorship, the dikes burst and the swelling rural population, with nowhere to go but the mountains or the cities, flooded the capital city, causing the population of Santo Domingo to double between 1950 and 1960. Having delivered a four-to-one Santo Domingo majority to Bosch, they remain there, as taxi drivers, peddlers, stevedores, whores, housemaids, and occasional day laborers, in dense, flimsy, rat-infested shanties, waiting. The shacks occupy every square yard of those cancerous acres to be seen in nearly all Latin American cities. A seventeen-year-old girl, suckling an illegitimate child, sits in front of a shelter made of strips of palm bark and dismembered packing cases, as naked boys beg for nickels, as pigs and rats forage for food along the muddy alley, as a neighbor's husband, father of five children, returns with two dollars from his day's outing as a vendor of discarded bottles.

To virtually every slatternly settlement in the Dominican countryside, Bosch, in the 1962 election campaign, had come for unannounced fifteen-minute rallies in an old English Ford and, with arching flourishes of his hand, had



launched into promises of new industries, irrigation, farm-to-market roads, schools, hospitals, an agrarian reform distributing seventeen-acre farms to 70,000 peasant families, and government stores where a poor man could buy rice, beans, plantains and *bacalao* (dried codfish) without being robbed by the merchants.

Bosch was preaching social revolution. Right after his inauguration the unemployed lined up before the Presidential Palace looking for jobs. The jobs never came. The poor greeted the September 25 coup with silent, restive confusion. Bosch's party collapsed. There was but little show of protest during five days of martial law as he and his cabinet remained prisoners in the palace.

(3) "The fall of Trujillo is not the revolution," Juan Bosch wrote in 1959 toward the end of twenty-four years in exile. "Moreover, it may have nothing to do with revolution. . . . In the near future we can expect the first social warfare in our country."

Bosch's 1962 landslide election victory, uniting peasants, slum dwellers and the lower middle class, brought class war to the Dominican Republic. The stone wall which blocked the DRP's proposed social revolution was the concerted and unrelenting opposition of the Dominican Establishment. This opposition was joined not on the basis of Bosch's social program, identical with that of the Alliance for Progress, but on spurious charges of widespread Communist infiltration of the Bosch regime.

It is one of those miracles of Latin American politics that a president freely elected with a 62 per cent majority can be tumbled after

only seven months in office.

The campaign began early. At Bosch's inauguration members of the defeated conservative opposition whispered to visiting reporters that Bosch had some highly suspicious leftists in his entourage. Two weeks later the leader of a party which gained less than 2 per cent of last December's votes charged that a "massive Communist indoctrination" of the armed forces was being carried on under Bosch's nose. The bishop of Santiago de los Caballeros, the nation's second city, declared in a sermon that "communism, with its siren song, is infiltrating the mind and heart of our youth." Newspaper editorials demanded government action against this infiltration. Hysterical mass demonstrations of "Christian faith" were held during the summer in many towns of the republic. By July, a group of air force generals and colonels were won to the side of the plotters, led by former Council of State President Rafael F. Bonnelly. All summer long the streets were filled with rumors of an impending coup. Week after week the DRP brought its supporters into the street to demonstrate against a coup, while U.S. diplomats tried repeatedly to persuade the plotters to call it off. Downtown merchants added to the tension by jacking up food prices and then closing their stores during the final general strike. At the end the cries of "wolf" were ignored and at 2:30 A.M. on September 25 the wolf struck.

Faced with enemies having at their disposal the voice of the Church and of the press and radio and the power of the military and business communities, Bosch quixotically tried to continue governing like an English liberal, challenging the opposition to name names, insisting that he would maintain full civil liberties and rejecting the advice of some of his most trusted counselors that he jail a few extremists of the Right and Left just to silence his opposition for a while. "They are seeking pretexts," Bosch scornfully told a radio-television audience in mid-July. "If there were not one Communist in the country, the government would be accused of being Trujillista and surrendering power to the Trujillistas." He undoubtedly was right, but these protestations do not alone consti-

tute an energetic defense of democracy for 3.2 million Dominicans against the ideological rationale of its overthrow.

The Alliance for Progress, if successful, will mean class war, or at least diehard conservative opposition, in many nations of the Americas. Bosch brought the Dominican peasant into politics for the first time, and filled the DRP-run Congress with types that had never been there before: half-lettered barbers and storekeepers and pharmacists and rural schoolteachers with perhaps a fifth-grade education. This frightened the patrician families that always ran the country before Trujillo. It was the first sign of class militancy ever to arise in the republic, and it was no accident that it occurred during a U.S.-imposed stability expressing U.S.-supported notions of social reform.

If the Alliance is ever to be successful, it may find itself fighting two battles in some nations, one against the reds and one against the rich. It needs to develop ideological weapons of its own to combat the bogus anti-communism that has become so effective a tool of conservative revolution in the Dominican Republic.

The Dominican Republic had been looked upon as a favorite for intensive Alliance for Progress aid because of its smallness, absence of linguistic minorities, relatively good systems of trunk roads and communications, fertile soil, near-

ness to the U.S. market and, not least, the amenability of its leadership to U.S. counsel. However, at this writing the United States has withdrawn its ambassador, halted the flow of \$86 million in committed Alliance aid, and is withdrawing most of the 300 diplomats, military advisers, Peace Corpsmen and AID technicians who were sent there to guide this poor and beaten people toward a decent life.

The Americans are leaving behind the same kind of chaos that preceded Trujillo. Struggling to control a puppet three-man provisional junta are six political parties, five of which together polled less than 6 per cent of the votes in last December's election. Another power struggle, far more serious, is going on among the generals who ousted Bosch: Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras, a former State Council member, controls the police and is backed by the conservative National Civic Union, the dominant party in the provisional government. He is opposed by Brig. Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who plotted the military take-over. Meanwhile, the 60,000-member revolutionary pro-Castro June 14th Movement, which was leaked arms by Imbert during 1962 and allowed by him to infiltrate the armed forces, is awaiting U.S. recognition of the new conservative junta as a signal for violent agitation.

All this recalls 1930, when armed forces commander Gen. Rafael Leonidas Trujillo allowed a revolu-

tion against President Horacio Vazquez to succeed by deliberately placing most of the government's arms in a fort to be surrendered to the enemy. At that time the U.S. Minister to Santo Domingo asked the State Department for permission to announce that the United States would not recognize any government headed by Trujillo. He got the following reply:

The Department regrets that it cannot authorize the issuance of the statement which you suggested. We feel that through scrupulously avoiding even the appearances of interfering in the internal affairs of the Dominican Republic our relations with Santo Domingo have been put on a very sound basis in the six years since the withdrawal of the military occupation.

The United States desperately needs a juridical basis for rationalizing the interventions which from time to time it has carried out, and must again carry out, in Latin America to defend its own interest in political legitimacy and curb militarism. This might be done through internationalizing the armed forces of several democratic nations, or by regional collective security agreements among constitutional governments, or, under sufficient urgency, by unilateral action. However, this basis must be found soon or our best hopes for the Alliance will be defeated by the stingy, repressive paternalism which for centuries has kept Latin America a backwater of Western civilization.

THE TWO GOLDWATERS Stanley Meisler

For most of his years under the lights of Washington, Barry Goldwater of Arizona has sported the guise of a hard-hitting, sure-thinking Republican who speaks his mind without blur or fuzz or fudge. "Much of his popular appeal," wrote biographers Rob Wood and Dean Smith two years ago, "centers around his willingness to stand firm on his beliefs, and to speak frankly—even bluntly—no matter what the cost." Even as late as last August, Russell Kirk, the sage of the *National*

Review, could write, "he has a mind calculated to arrive at hard decisions without dangerous vacillation." Goldwater's views always have evoked the same journalistic vocabulary: decisiveness, ring of action, no pussyfooting.

In recent weeks, however, this rock image has begun to flake. Newsmen have started the inevitable comparison of recent pronouncements and found them clashing. Goldwater simply is not saying the same things he said so surely one, two or three years ago, or he is saying them with far less sureness in his tone. Walter Lippmann

has decided that "the Senator is now engaged in remodeling his ideas, in moving away from the far Right and towards the more moderate Center." And Alan L. Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* reports a new concern by quoting an unidentified Republican leader as saying, "I was once in a long meeting with Senator Goldwater, and he shifted his position three times in three hours. What's more, I don't think he even realized he was shifting his stand each time."

Goldwater himself denies any change in his position. He has told a television interviewer that the

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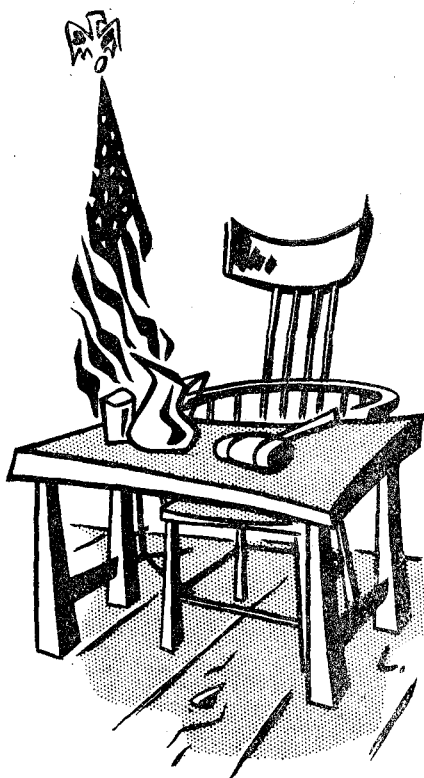
change actually is in Washington newsmen who, gradually finding Goldwaterism and conservatism more and more palatable, are deluded into thinking that Goldwater is shifting his views. But no one in Washington, including Goldwater, really believes this, and most observers are enjoying their view of Goldwater following the required course of a Presidential candidate.

There is no surprise or shock about this. No one expects politicians to be consistent in their views or their votes. The Republicans have a horde of ammunition for next year in the 1960 campaign speeches of John F. Kennedy. The Democrats probably will have a similar horde whether the Republicans nominate Goldwater, Nelson Rockefeller, Richard M. Nixon or John Glenn. "Senator Goldwater, who is not a fanatic of the extreme but an ambitious politician, is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country," writes Lippmann. "It is interesting to watch him and comforting to think that the system is working so well."

But it would surely be a mistake to accept the changing world of Barry Goldwater as just another example of a political flip-flop and just further proof that all serious contenders in America must move to the Center. Goldwater's appeal up to now has not come alone from his far Right views. It has come much more from his simplicity. "Some people say that I oversimplify complicated issues," he told a Republican rally. "They want complexity. I want understanding." Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* has written that Goldwater's approach "smacks of the panacea and the rule of thumb. . . . It provides the novelty of a sharp alternative to the established order and it satisfies the romantic American passion for solutions to problems—whether there are any or not." The recent change in Goldwater has been only in part from conservatism to moderation. It has been mostly a change from the realm of the simple to the realm of the complex. He still is a conservative but, as a serious candidate, he has been forced to apply his views to specific issues and specific questions and shade them accordingly. This has made his views harder to separate and harder to pin down.

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His twistings on civil rights produce the most obvious example. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, published in 1960 and still available on newsstands as a 50c Macfadden paperback, Goldwater presented his precise views on the problem of civil rights. First, he made it clear that he considered States' rights "the cornerstone of the republic, our chief bulwark against the encroachment of individual freedom by Big Government." He did not see any conflict between States' rights and civil



rights. On any particular issue, either one or the other counted, never both. Voting, for example, was clearly a civil right, and no state had the right to take this away from an individual.

"It is otherwise, let us note, with education," Goldwater said. "For the federal Constitution does not require the states to maintain racially mixed up schools. Despite the recent holding of the Supreme Court, I am firmly convinced—not only that integrated schools are not required—but that the Constitution does not permit any interference whatsoever by the federal government in the field of education. . . . I am therefore not impressed by the claim that the Supreme Court's decision on school integration is the law of the land. . . . I therefore

support all efforts by the states, excluding violence, of course, to preserve their rightful powers over education."

Goldwater added a personal note. "It so happens that I am in agreement with the *objectives* of the Supreme Court," he said. ". . . I believe that it is both wise and just for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites, and that to deny them this opportunity carries with it strong implications of inferiority. I am not prepared, however, to impose that judgment of mine on the people of Mississippi or South Carolina. . . . That is their business not mine."

Goldwater stayed with these views as late as the University of Mississippi crisis last year. He told United Press International then that Governor Ross Barnett "had every right to do what he did in the case of James Meredith, and President Kennedy should not have used troops to force the Negro's admission to the University of Mississippi." But, after the dogs of Birmingham, Goldwater began shuffling his views.

The first specific changes came after Kennedy sent his civil-rights bill to Congress last June. Goldwater, in an interview with *The New York Times*, first said he opposed the public accommodations provisions of the bill and then added some surprising comments on the section dealing with school desegregation. Goldwater said the provisions there were too broad but he favored giving the Attorney General power to start a school desegregation suit whenever there was "proof of grievance." "A Negro has a right to get his taxes back," Goldwater said. "If his children are denied [school] privileges, he has a grievance."

On September 2, *U.S. News & World Report* published a long interview with Goldwater, including this exchange:

Q: Do you mean that segregation laws or integration laws ought to be a state and local matter?

A: As far as everything goes, except the Supreme Court decision on schools.

. . . I think today, if a tight and limited law were written aimed at correcting specific situations in school districts or schools, even the South might buy this.

At about the same time, Con-

gressional Quarterly interviewed him and, using *The Conscience of a Conservative* as its guide, asked just how the states should resist the Supreme Court decision. "The idea is not to resist it," Goldwater replied. "There is nothing in our Constitution that says a person can violate the law. If the states feel that States' rights have been tampered with, you have the amendment process or the elective process. Either one is open." If he were President, would he use federal authority to enforce federal court decisions on school integration? "I would first try moral persuasion. . . . And failing that, I think that the Attorney General should have the power to use a very tightly drawn law aimed like a rifle at the precise problem in a school district. . . . Yes, I would use it." Would he use troops? "There are times when the President can use troops. There are times when he can't. I think the troops were wrong in Little Rock, but probably there was some justification for their use in Mississippi in preserving law and order and protecting life and property."

Goldwater has changed his position on the question of the federal income tax. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, he wrote that "government has a right to claim an equal percentage of each man's wealth, and no more." "The idea," he continued, "that a man who makes \$100,000 a year should be forced to contribute ninety per cent of his income to the cost of government, while the man who makes \$10,000 is made to pay twenty per cent is repugnant to my notions of justice. I do not believe in punishing success. . . . The graduated tax is a *confiscatory tax*. Its effect, and to a large extent its aim, is to bring down all men to a common level." Goldwater went on to conclude that we must "abolish the graduated features of our tax laws; and the sooner we get at the job, the better."

But, more recently, in his interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, Goldwater had some different things to say about a graduated income tax:

Q: You've been quoted as saying that a graduated income tax is a *confiscatory tax*. Is that your view?

A: I don't think I'd put it that way. But I think it has been destructive of initiative — and when

you destroy American initiative, you destroy the possibility of more earnings. . . .

Q: Then you don't believe in any graduation at all in the income tax?

A: I don't go that far, but I'm opposed to the theory. I'd like to see some other suggestions made in the whole field.

In fact, if I had anything to say about this tax picture, what I would do would be to assemble some knowledgeable business people, some knowledgeable labor people, and say, "Get off in the corner and write us a new tax code that's going to produce sufficient revenue in a fair way for our Government."

In an August 28 interview with *Congressional Quarterly*, Goldwater repeated his proposal for a study by knowledgeable people and explained: "I am against the progressive feature of the income tax, but I wouldn't reduce the progressive feature and nothing else, because this wouldn't work."

Taxes and civil rights are major issues before Congress this year, and it makes sense for Goldwater — if he feels the need for self-examination — to mull over his views on these issues first. But Goldwater also has shifted his views on subjects that have not been so high in the public eye in 1963.

Take labor, for example. In 1960, he suggested that the anti-trust laws should be applied to labor unions — long one of the chief targets for his conservative barbs. But last August 28 he told *Congressional Quarterly*: "I don't think it will work, frankly. I can understand the reasoning of those who push it, but I think the laws are far too cumbersome. We are dealing with people, not corporate bodies."

Take welfare programs. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater wrote: "The government must begin to *withdraw* from a whole series of programs that are outside its constitutional mandate — from social welfare programs, education, public power, agriculture, public housing, urban renewal, and all the other activities that can be better performed by lower levels of government or by private institutions or by individuals. I do not suggest that the federal government drop all of these programs overnight. But I do suggest that we establish, by law, a rigid timetable for a staged withdrawal. We might

provide, for example, for a 10% spending reduction each year in all of the fields in which federal participation is undesirable." But last month, when *U.S. News & World Report* asked him if he would phase out various welfare programs over a period of years, Goldwater replied:

Oh, I don't think you can do that. . . . Such programs have become established in people's minds. I would merely stop the introduction of new programs, because I think we're in every conceivable field that we can get into. And then I would start trying to convince the Governors of the States that, if they took these things back, they could do them with less money.

And he told a television interviewer during September: "You are not



going to stop these programs if local governments will not take care of the needs."

Take campaign strategy. On *Meet the Press* on November 19, 1961, Goldwater said:

If you are going hunting for ducks, you go where the ducks are. We Republicans can look at these large cities where we don't control the city organizations, and practical politics will tell us that we don't have much of a chance, regardless of the ethnic and religious groups. I would concentrate, then, the Republican fire where we are strong: in the Southern cities, in the smaller cities all across America, in the suburban areas, in the country areas and at the same time start a serious, well-thought-out campaign to show people in the large ethnic and religious groups in the cities who do not normally vote for us at the national elections that we are their best party.

This was interpreted, perhaps wrongly, by his followers to mean that Goldwater strategy in 1964 would appeal to the South, West and Midwest, while writing off the industrial East. The Draft Goldwater Committee, in fact, dis-

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tributed maps with that strategy blocked out. But Goldwater, in a speech to the Republican Men's Club of Bartlesville, Okla., last September 13, disclaimed this strategy:

Let me begin by saying that I disagree with people who argue that we should write off the eastern seaboard and the industrial areas of the country. I disagree with people who insist that we must forget all about the Negro vote, and that we might as well concede the labor vote. I do not believe the Republican Party should write off any section of the country or any group of potential voters. I believe the Republican Party should strive to its utmost in every part of America and among every possible group to win votes.

Of course, Goldwater has not changed his views on every subject under the sun. He has remained consistent, direct and simple, for example, on Cuba ("a blockade . . . training of Cuban exiles . . . establishment of a single Cuban Government-in-exile") and

foreign aid ("it should be used as a 'rifle' aimed at specific areas where we can gain advantage over the Russians") and farm policy (end price supports and the REAs) and the John Birch Society ("they are anti-Communist and I don't see how we can be against that") right-to-work laws and more.

But even these may be shaded as the Republican National Convention comes nearer and nearer. James Reston of *The New York Times* tells us Goldwater has begun "reading seriously a lot of speeches he had made casually in the past to see whether he really believed, in the context of the Presidency, what he had been saying to political rallies when he was merely Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee. More than that, he has organized a brain trust of his own, composed of university and political types to question and sharpen his thinking. He has hired an electronic computer to record everything he has said on such topics as Cuba and taxation so that, when questioned, he will know what

he has said in the past. And he has arranged a series of private seminars on major topics of the day as a sort of personal educational exercise."

But despite self-examination, brain trusts, computer and seminars, Goldwater voted "no" on the limited nuclear test ban treaty—the same way he would have voted without a brain trust, computer and the rest. Goldwater is trapped by his past. He cannot desert the conservatives who put him where he is. The Goldwater boom would have no meaning if he gradually turned into a moderate Republican—a soft-spoken, Arizona version of Richard Nixon. At the most, Goldwater can blur and fudge to convince the mass of non-conservatives in America that he is a thoughtful, intelligent man who can be trusted to sit in the White House and weigh the complexities of government with care. Goldwater, as he tells us again and again, is still the candidate of conservatism—just a lot less direct and simple and clear than before.

TRADING STAMPS

THE WELCOME HOAX Desmond Smith

Since the trading stamp industry—the brawling spoilt child of the \$3-billion-a-year premium incentive field—has never taken kindly to internal suggestions of self-regulation, it is not surprising that it should resent outsiders who have had the temerity to suggest that state or federal legislation might be desirable.

So far, most discussion has focused on whether trading stamps do, in fact, genuinely benefit the consumer. But for the longer term, the deeper question is what effect do trading stamps have on the economy: and even closer to the bone, what effect will endless stamp-licking sessions have on the consumer who has traded family responsibility for the tempting lure of "something for nothing"?

Today the \$800-million-a-year trading stamp industry contains

more than 400 companies, operating in every state except Kansas, where their use has been banned, and Alaska, where the population is considered too sparse to be worth the promotional effort. The stamp business continues to boom with a 5 per cent growth rate annually, its success solidly based on about 225,000 retail establishments that offer stamps.

Approximately three out of every four households collect stamps, although not all households bother to redeem them. At the head of the pack is the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, which claims that some 50 per cent of all United States households collect S&H Green Stamps. Last year, S&H stamp savers redeemed more than 80 million green stamps. How many stamps sold to S&H franchised merchants remained unredeemed is a closely guarded company secret.

The roughhouse in which S&H and other trading stamp companies

battle for dominance is known politely as the premium incentive business. In the strategy and tactics of selling the public it was not until the early fifties that trading stamps (which have been around since the 1880s) were used on a mass marketing scale. Until then, trading stamps played but a minor role in a score or more of sales promotion gimmicks that included prize contests, price-off coupons, sales-tape games and many others. Trading stamps had been used by merchants mainly as a reward for prompt cash payment. They were popular because they encouraged careful shopping and thrift on the part of the consumer.

The big change came in the fifties with the increased need for large-volume manufacturers to hit their marketing target—the public—with greater accuracy. The encounter between buyer and seller underwent a violent change. Not

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surprisingly, in this revolution most of the fighting has taken place in the supermarkets. But not only the highly competitive retail food business has been affected. Trading stamps are now used by more than a third of the nation's gasoline stations. Stamps have become the basic ammunition as the big oil companies continue their endless wars with one another.

In this struggle for the economic balance of power it is small business and independent operators who have suffered the most. Recognition of the changing role of the trading stamp received surprising confirmation from William S. Beinecke, president of the giant Sperry & Hutchinson Company. Last year, in a disarmingly candid moment, he told an audience at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration that "recognition of trading stamps as an incentive to buy at a particular store has overshadowed their importance as a stimulant to pay cash, and today they are largely regarded as an incentive-promotional tool."

In March of this year a trade paper, *Incentive Merchandising*, noted that "... increased activity on the part of the consumer is, of course, reflected in increased stamp purchases on the part of the retailer. Coupled with the rise of a new factor in the trading stamp field [the rapid growth of the E. F. MacDonald plaid stamp operation] and the widening of areas of stamp consumption, this resulted in the biggest year in the history of trading stamps."

Clearly, consumption has replaced thrift as the central dynamic behind all forms of trading stamp schemes. This shift in emphasis constantly chips away at the old-fashioned notion of a family budget. Values previously shopped for, such as competitive prices, quality of merchandise, and getting the most for the family dollar are abandoned. In retail advertising in daily newspapers and over the radio it is the stamps, not the price of the goods on sale, that is given emphasis. Armed with what the trade calls her "want book," the big glossy dream catalogues (three-pot plant stand, three books; weekend at the Waldorf, special application) the housewife is encouraged to believe that all within are "gifts," something for

nothing, easily obtained for a few books of stamps. Once inside the supermarket, her passport to plaidland is only a matter of buying and buying and buying.

Regrettably, the promise of redemption is rarely matched by performance. Stamp companies buy their merchandise at wholesale prices; in some instances they have actually entered the manufacturing business, and redeem the stamps on the basis of "manufacturer's list price." In many instances the housewife pays between 30 to 50 per cent more for the merchandise than she would have paid at a discount house. (See chart below for typical premiums.)

It is obvious, then, that some of the "dream" items in the trading stamp catalogues are just that. How much one must consume to qualify for some of the big-ticket items might make strong women cry. If the beauty of the tropics intrigues you then "fabulous Honolulu becomes your playground for six nights and seven days!"—provided you can buy your way through \$29,965 worth of merchandise to take advantage of the offer.

In recent years the stamp companies have paid particular attention to their public "image." Anxious to avoid the hostile attention of legislators, they have actively encouraged pool saving of stamps for worthy causes. In a way, even this pays off. In order to build a chapel within the walls of the Eastern Correctional Institution at Napanoch, N.Y., a massive drive to collect 100,000 books of trading stamps—representing \$12 million worth of purchases—has been launched. The Gold Bond Stamp Company of Minneapolis made possible a pilgrimage tour of Europe by three Roman Catholic priests from Denver. And the Merchants Green

Trading Stamp Company in Philadelphia encouraged its savers to donate filled books toward 100 wheel chairs "for use throughout the State of Maryland." This folksy image was somewhat tarnished recently when Nat Azarow, executive secretary of the Gasoline Merchants of Brooklyn, spoke at a public hearing before a committee investigating trading stamp activity in New York State:

Hardly any service station operator goes into trading stamps voluntarily and willingly. He is coerced into it by threat of competition or otherwise. He is frightened into taking something he has to have to protect his investment and to stay in business. Isn't that the way Al Capone built up his beer business in Chicago?

For the local businessman, acquiring a trading stamp franchise is like taking in a silent partner. It can often mean the difference between profit and loss. Yet, as one witness told the same committee:

Why does any little community businessman take them in? Because of the high-handed tactics of the salesmen of trading stamp companies. . . . "You'd better carry them" they tell the little businessman, "because if you don't, I've got an offer from your competitor on the next block."

The trading stamp companies argue that stamps are a promotion tool that benefits the businessman in the same manner as radio advertising, one-cent sales, or lucky tickets on a winter cruise. But how valid is this contention? Unlike a one-shot promotion, often designed to boost business during a slack period, the essential nature of the trading stamp lies in its unique *continuing cost*. Stamp companies usually charge 2 to 3 per cent of the merchant's gross. Thus, at 5 per cent net profit a pharmacy doing \$100,000 worth of business

Item	Books needed	How much you must spend to fill the books*	Retail price	Discount price
Schick Razor	8¾	\$1,050	\$29.50	\$12.98
Revere Percolator . . .	3¾	450	11.95	7.17
GE Vacuum Cleaner.	23¼	2,790	69.95	49.95
Skotch Kooler	2¼	270	7.95	4.77
Black & Decker Drill.	12	1,440	22.95	17.49

*1,200 stamp book; one stamp for each dime spent. Source: Kiplinger Newsletter.

annually would have to split the \$5,000 profit in half. Supermarkets operate on only a 1.5 per cent net profit. Obviously, with margins such as these, the money to support a trading stamp scheme cannot and does not flow from the merchants' profits. As a Federal Court of Appeals noted:

Ultimately, of course, the money to pay for the entire expenses of the enterprise incurred both by stamp company and merchant comes out of the pocket of the customers. There is no other place for it to come from. . . . The public, however, does not appreciate this.

The big trading stamp companies deny this line of reasoning, contending that in areas where trading stamps have been introduced prices have, in the face of competition, dropped. There are surprisingly few impartial studies that have tested this attractive thesis. None of the many studies done by the trading stamp companies have ever revealed that prices have increased; most have shown in page after page of impressive statistics that prices have, in fact, gone down.

But the trading stamp industry received a shock earlier this year when its own trade paper, *Incentive Merchandising*, made a comparison study between stamp stores and a non-stamp store. The resulting report listed many price differences. Among them, they found that a seven-ounce bottle of Prell shampoo costing 88c at the non-stamp store cost \$1 at the stamp store. Here are some other items:

	Non-Stamp	Stamp	Stamp
2 Hoffman			
lemon soda	53c	63c	65c
Sara Lee			
butter cake	65c	79c	79c
Maxwell House			
inst. coffee	89c	99c	99c

Actually the report summed up in favor of the stamp-giving stores. But the author warned: "Trading stamps can create traffic only under a realistic pricing arrangement. Once this realism is abandoned, trading stamps lose their hold on the public."

It can be argued that trading stamps are a passing fancy, like mah-jong, that the public will tire of in time. And trading stamp companies suggest that the market place, not the courts, should decide



the measure of regulation governing their activities.

Neither the courts nor the state legislatures have been too impressed by the logic of this argument. Until now Congress has seemed uninterested in the trading stamp boom, but recently the Justice Department and the FTC have both quietly launched investigations into certain aspects of the profit-rich industry.

Recent failures of various fly-by-night trading stamp concerns across the nation have led to angry protests by stampholders left holding unredeemable stamps. Last year Dilberts Quality Supermarkets, Inc., a grocery chain in the New York metropolitan area, inserted the following wet-eyed notice in the daily papers: "It distressed us as it did you when the New York Yellow Trading Stamp Company closed its doors." Thousands of Dilberts' customers had amassed about half a million dollars' worth of useless books. When the stamp company went out of business it had exactly \$35,000 worth of merchandise in its redemption centers—its sole assets. But even more shocking was New York State's Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's later disclosure that the New York Yellow Trading Stamp Company was, in fact, 100 per cent owned by the grocery chain.

Incidents such as these serve to highlight a serious legislative gap that leaves the public with no protection against the growing number of opportunists entering the trading stamp field in search of easy pickings. *Life* magazine has dubbed this new breed of confidence man "the hotel-room operator" and has defined his assets as little more than a suitcase full of colored stamps, a glib tongue and a roomful of merchandise. There is now nothing to

prevent a corporation, formed with a capital of \$10,000, from selling \$100,000 worth of trading stamps. Legislation is required to prevent such unscrupulous promoters from taking the easy route, presently available to them, of declaring bankruptcy without redeeming a single stamp.

Alarmed at trading stamp failures in such states as New York, Michigan and California, the stores themselves are taking a second and closer look at trading stamp companies. *Modern Grocer*, a trade paper, noted in April, 1962, that "most stamp companies are thinly financed." Yet as long as the housewife insists on stamps, there is little that the local merchants can do but join up. Heaven, they say, protects the working girl, but in the second half of the twentieth century the age of production has been replaced by the age of consumption. Who, besides providence, will protect the consumer?

One thing that might moderate the rampaging success of trading stamps could be the realization on the part of that well-known cipher, Father, that Life with Mother has become more expensive in recent years. Then another thought might strike him: the three-pot plant-holder his wife brought home from the redemption center might have a connection with the switch to the eighteen-foot refrigerator-freezer.

Just now the food bill in a stamp collector's home is climbing only in dollars and cents. But the hobby is a demanding one. To reach those headier plateaus toward the back of the "want book" one must consume conspicuously. When the food bill, the cleaning bill and the gas station bill double, and savings start to dwindle, then the trading stamp bubble may burst. Meanwhile, Mrs. America contentedly licks on.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Return of a West Indian

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE. By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Co. 232 pp. \$5.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

The first thing that every American should learn about the Caribbean is to disregard what he reads about it in the newspapers. We are not committed to truth and understanding in that part of the world, but have instead chosen cold-war sides. Take an editorial that appeared in *The New York Times* last July: full of spite, it ridiculed British Guiana for being a corner of South America that lacked contact with the rest of the continent and for being, after all, only a small and inconsequential place. Tacitly, in a gross distortion of history, the editorial laid the blame for this to Cheddi Jagan. What the *Times* appeared not to know is that Guiana in its 300 years preceding Cheddi Jagan has enjoyed a relationship to South America on the surface of maps only — that in its ties, outlook and temperament it has always been a West Indian land, and that in this true context, compared with the tiny overpopulated islands of the rest of the Caribbean, it is a vast and promising country.

In *The Middle Passage*, V. S. Naipaul has written an account of seven or eight months of investigation among five West Indian societies, starting out on an immigrant ship from England to Trinidad and continuing through British, French and Dutch territories all the way from Surinam to Jamaica. Unlike American journalists reporting from the Caribbean, Naipaul does not waste one sentence on the U.S.-USSR power struggle; his book, as he is careful to explain, "is not political; it sells nothing; its opinions and attitudes are only those of the writer." But as a writer Naipaul is highly qualified to do such a book: he was born of a Hindu family in Trinidad, where he spent the first eighteen years of his life; he was educated in England, the country in which he now lives and where he has become a novelist of

distinction; he knows Caribbean history thoroughly and is a clear and sympathetic observer of men.

The Middle Passage is at heart a book of travels, and a superb one; much of it is a description of interesting people and places and routes: an ocean crossing, full of odd characters, West Indian talk and the kind of humor and irony one expects of a novelist; the journeys by small plane, river boats and Land Rover through the interior highlands of Guiana and over the Brazilian border to a town "planned for the year 2000" and peopled by "civil servants administering to one another and smugglers who keep the civil servants supplied"; with the Jagans at home and out politicking (they appeared human beings, not monsters); a lavish dinner party with the smart set in Martinique (sea eggs, lobster, fish, rice and minced meat, roast pork, salads, blancmange, champagne, coffee, brandy).

My admiration for Naipaul's achievements in these pages, however, comes from something other than his vivid accounts of pure travel. Having recently returned from the Caribbean, after nearly three years in Puerto Rico,

I was stopped on page after page of this book by the incisive summaries of social problems and situations. It was the shock of recognition, for although there is nothing specifically about Puerto Rico in *The Middle Passage*, the common historical facts of slavery and colonialism everywhere in the Caribbean — and this is the reason for the title: the middle passage was that part of the voyage in the slave trade carrying 20 million captive blacks into West Indian bondage — make a number of the book's specific conclusions generally valid. I don't know where else the whole complex range of West Indian problems has been stated so well as this, on Trinidad:

So Trinidad was and remains a materialist immigrant society, continually growing and changing, never settling into any pattern, always retaining the atmosphere of the camp; unique in the West Indies in the absence of a history of enduring brutality, in the absence of a history; yet not an expanding society but a colonial society, ruled autocratically if benevolently, with the further limitations of its small size and remoteness. All this has combined to give it its special character, its ebullience and irresponsibility. And more: a tolerance which

5th Sonnet

Love too delighting in His numbers
keeps time so that our feet
dance to be true to the count,
repeating the hesitation, the

slight bow to His will in each change,
the giving up, the receiving.

You were not there
but in love with you I danced
this round, my feet
willingly sped to its numbers,
my glance wed to the glance exchanged.

For the design's sake,
in Love's calling. For I have a part
where the First Beloved is partner.
For He is Lord of the Dance
and calls me to follow.

As if in the exchange of lives
— that music that most moves us —
unknowing and true
to what I do not know
there is a First Lord who moves me
in Whom you are
most you.

Robert Duncan

Norman Thomas di Giovanni, who has contributed articles and translations of Spanish and Italian poetry to The Nation, recently returned from a lengthy stay in the West Indies.

is more than tolerance: an indifference to virtue as well as to vice.

Or this on Jamaica:

The pressures in Jamaica were not simply the pressures of race or those of poverty. They were the accumulated pressures of the slave society, the colonial society, the under-developed, over-populated agricultural country; and they were beyond the control of any one "leader." The situation required not a leader but a society which understood itself and had purpose and direction. It was only generating selfishness, cynicism and a self-destructive rage.

Or again on race (in most of the West Indies people are divided into "the white, fusty, musty, dusty, tea, coffee, cocoa, light black, black, dark black"):

... the West Indian accepted his blackness as his guilt. ... He never seriously doubted the validity of the

prejudices from which he suffered, for he had inherited the prejudices of the culture to which he aspired.

There are today a number of good writers, novelists mostly, who work in the English language and share West Indian origins. Their nonfictional writings about the Caribbean are far more interesting and valuable than the work of the social scientists who abound in the area. After Naipaul, anyone greatly interested in the Caribbean should see George Lamming's *The Pleasures of Exile* and Edgar Mittelholzer's *With a Carib Eye*. Lamming is a Barbados Negro and Mittelholzer a British Guiana mulatto. Naipaul's book is the best of the three, since its frame is largest and its objectivity greatest; but the other two are interesting supplements, particularly on the problem of race. These three books can show most Americans the Caribbean as they could never see it for themselves.

Reading Eliot Today

COLLECTED POEMS 1909-1962. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and World. 221 pp. \$5.

Frank Kermode

Little Gidding, which was published in the dark middle of the war, concluded not only *The Four Quartets* but Mr. Eliot's poetical career (or so it seems). The British, who value stability in their immortals, decided that nobody would ever again accuse him of raving like a drunken helot — a charge leveled against him in *The Waste Land* days — and in 1948 gave him the Order of Merit, which is certainly the highest honor to be had by British men of letters. Mr. Eliot at sixty (Nobel laureate, royalist, Anglo-Catholic, O.M.) had seen his lifetime's effort crowned. His life had taken a course curiously different from those of his old friends and co-plotters, Pound and Wyndham Lewis.

Now he is seventy-five, and to mark the occasion there is a new edition of the *Collected Poems*. Since *Little Gidding* there have been six poems, mostly occasional in character and of no great importance; but this is an obvious moment for interested parties to

Frank Kermode, the British critic and professor of English literature at the University of Manchester, is lecturing this year at Wesleyan University. He is the author most recently of Puzzles and Epiphanies (Chilmark Press).

October 26, 1963

overhaul their views on the most famous living poet. His personal standing in the English world of letters is high and steady; maybe he attracts some dislike as a pillar of the Establishment, but, rather characteristically, you find that in speaking of him you use that term in a purer sense than it nowadays has in the language of the tribe. His opinions on the poetry of the past and the theoretical basis of his own poetic are increasingly subject to question, but an extraordinarily high proportion of useful modern debate originates in them. As to his views on other matters, they are sometimes found, in the words of Northrop Frye, "fantastic" or "repellent." For example, he is an imperialist, though in a weirdly pure sense that Dante would have commended and that Mr. Khrushchev can afford to ignore. He is a traditionalist who invented his tradition. He thinks it impossible to be civilized and at the same time non-Christian, to live in a period of social mobility and enjoy a culture of any merit; but he writes plays for the benefit of heretics who disagree on this, and who continue to regard him as one of the major expressions of their impossible civility.

"Modern poetry" still connotes Eliot, and *The Waste Land* is still, after forty years, a modern poem, if only because "Modern" has partly turned

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MACMILLAN

into a periodic concept, like "Baroque." But although the poem has kept so much of its original power to surprise and delight first readers, the critical campaign which accompanied it, and provided theoretical justifications, is probably no longer much of a force. We don't see Eliot in quite the relation to the past that he proposed; in fact, it is becoming a commonplace that he belongs in the Romantic tradition he so excoriated. Without contesting the fineness and authority of the early essays, one may have doubts about many of the doc-

trines proposed: the dissociation of sensibility, the objective correlative. Then there is the matter of Mr. Eliot's learning. Of course he is a learned man; but he himself authorizes skepticism concerning the notes to *The Waste Land*, and as a poet he seems rather a subtle predator on learning than a curious and universal scholar.

The technical devices first used in *The Waste Land* are now matters for cool historical explanation; the attempt to give literature a spatial instead of a temporal mode by simultaneous presentation or time-defeating juxtapositions of image is largely a matter for historians who might think it only the last important incursion of painting (Cubism) into the domain of poetry. And although I've said the fresh reader can still feel a shock of recognition on meeting it for the first time, it remains true that Eliot's early poetry is classic as well as modern; rhetoricians have perfected ways of expounding it which are in daily use in a hundred classrooms. You could make it seem that Eliot is already fading into literary history, a kind of late Great Victorian.

Poetry Editor

The editors take pleasure in announcing that, with this issue, Denise Levertov resumes the post of poetry editor. Miss Levertov's verse has appeared frequently in these pages; her latest collection is *The Jacob's Ladder* (New Directions).

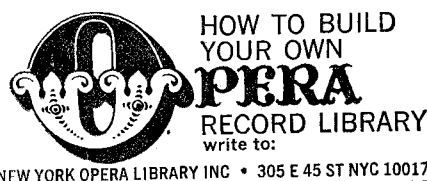
So whoever acquires this handsome book should try to forget the ritual responses of the classroom; read it as if you'd never seen the poems before and certain facts which nobody mentions emerge as still true. For instance, *The Waste Land* is a damned difficult poem. Also, it was and is obviously good even if you don't know what it means, or spot the quotations from Dante and Baudelaire, or see the point of the Sanskrit. The first readers must have seen the "Unreal City" passage, or the passage on Philomel in "A Game of Chess," as absolutely original and beautiful blank verse. As to the whole thing, they were simply bewildered, yet — one supposes — not without confidence that fuller understanding would come. For though it can be argued that this is not so much a poem as a sequence of poems, there is a sense of unity — below the level of explanations — and it is available now as it was then, when the most knowledgeable reader had only *Gerontion* to guide him.

Ash Wednesday, written at the point in Eliot's career when he began to lose the support of some who mistook their own misunderstanding for some sort of desertion on his part, remains, as it ought, a very mysterious poem. But if you read the third part (for instance) freshly, you have the sense of living in an unfamiliar but coherent world whose geometry you will happily learn. It is an accurate world, like that of the *Four Quartets*. Those great poems are not uniformly successful; but they are full of mind and have at their best a crystalline purity of language which is the real reward of a lifetime's effort. The truth is that Eliot is matched only by Pound and Yeats (both present in the "familiar compound ghost" of *Little Gidding*) in the intensity of his effort, "under conditions that seem unpropitious," to give a whole mind to poetry — so that we feel

a lifetime burning in every
moment

And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be
deciphered.

The NATION



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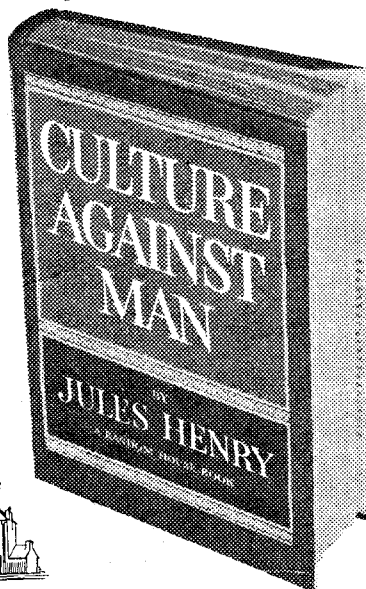
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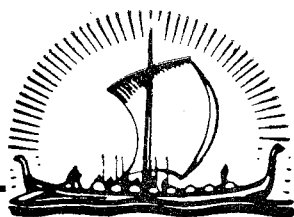
Benjamin Boretz

The New York Philharmonic is the most important institution in our public musical culture, the focal point for the public's image of all "serious" music. Its dominance stems from some apparent features of American musical activity: New York has, since the war, become the unchallenged musical center, as Boston was during the prewar period; and the nineteenth-century orientation of our public attitudes toward music centers on the symphony orchestra as the supposedly highest—and for many listeners the exclusive—medium for serious music. Therefore, what the Philharmonic does, in terms of programming or policy, is likely to be significant both as an indication and as a positive force in determining the direction of the entire range of American concert activity.

The extent of this remarkable domination of concert music derives from the graphic immediacy with which the orchestral situation dramatizes the assertion of individual will that was so prevalent in nineteenth-century literature. There was then, and clearly there remains, something absorbing in the confrontation of a motley and inchoate horde of instruments and players by a small insignificant man in evening dress—conductor or soloist—who imposes on them all a unified and coherently sonorous image.

Those nineteenth-century composers for whom the vision of a universal audience seemed an all-compelling possibility saw in the potency with which this situation could focus hundreds of attentions on a concert stage a unique resource for projecting their important compositional ideas. The optimism that this idea inspired early in the century is particularly evident in Berlioz, who devoted almost his entire composing career to the orchestra, and whose famous gigantism was a remarkable attempt to translate the qualities of individual virtuosity into a mass-communicative framework. (One wonders, indeed, whether the large orchestra could ever have attained such currency under conditions of efficient modern communication—where volume and massiveness have no crucial bearing on communicative range.)

But even during Berlioz's time, the fatal weakness of the Romantic supposition became evident: for however profound or original any of the



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grandes machines musicales may have been as compositions, as bearers of musical values to the large audience, they seem to engender only a kind of "music-appreciation" listening in which it was possible to derive sensations of musical experience without perceiving any actual musical events. Music presented as a spectacle could evidently succeed entirely as such, but to assume that concurrent musical subtleties would somehow be transmitted was a sadly naive miscalculation.

Still, the transcendental chimera continued to preoccupy composers, and some delusive extremes of length and volume were reached before the crisp sanity of Debussy, the precise economy of Stravinsky, and the willful self-restraint of Schoenberg re-established a line of fruitful development by consolidating the enormous creative discoveries of nineteenth-century music while avoiding the destructiveness of its extra-musical consequences. At that moment, however, there arose a sharp and decisive division between composition and performance, as a result of the natural refusal of performers to surrender, for however pressing a musical purpose, a self-expressive independence that could not be maintained through music whose surface offered no license to inflated sensibility. Thus, in the public view as well, "great" music remained inextricably associated with "big" music. The prevalence of this attitude is perhaps most strikingly revealed by the Hollywood movies about musicians that abounded in the thirties and forties, in which the greatest moments are never at recitals or during performances of late Beethoven quartets, but in those strange Hollywood concertos that, by stringing together bunches of cadenza-flourish clichés without any attempt at musical coherence, were a far more devastating parody of Romantic nostalgia than the wildest flight of dada ever achieved.

Thus the Philharmonic, when it engaged a music director who had established his reputation as, above all, a superb theatre man, was only recognizing, with admirable candor, the fact that a modern symphony orchestra's success and growth depend on a reversal of the traditional function between music and its presentation. Indeed, Bernstein's unique contribution in every sphere of his manifold activity has been the transforma-

tion of musical ideas and materials into effective theatre. His own Broadway shows, for example, have diverted the development of our popular musical theatre toward a high-powered New Wave intensity and tricky local sophistication, and away from the verbal-musical craftsmanship and imagination that predominated in the earlier days of Kern, Berlin, Gershwin, Rodgers and Weill.

By bringing these theatrical gifts to his conducting and program-making for the Philharmonic, Bernstein has perfectly fulfilled the necessities created by the growth of a mass musical culture, and the spectacular box-office and television popularity of the Philharmonic under his direction, both here and in Europe, testify to his success. In his performances, he has demonstrated a superb sense for projecting those moments that can be made to proclaim unmistakably their expression of great and noble thoughts, further heightened by virtually choreographic acting-out on the podium. Even though we have witnessed such performances ever since Bernstein's New York City Symphony days, it is still impressive to observe the professional skill with which the conjurer of musical visions, like a benevolent Cipolla, seems to instill in his hearers the sense of having personally experienced the blinding flash of genius.

This came particularly to mind during the opening concert of the present season, which was devoted entirely to a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, a work with which Bernstein has identified himself almost since his apprenticeship. In a way, this is an ideal vehicle for pure orchestral theatre. It is a loosely bound collection of "characteristic" gestures, none of which is especially striking or original in itself (most are audibly traceable to such familiar sources as Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, Schumann's Second and Fourth, and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*), in a framework that is all "bigness" — in contrasts, volumes, sectional lengths and restatements. On this occasion, from a purely musical point of view, Bernstein's performance of the second movement was a penetrating exploration of the special qualities latent in the sequence of apparently innocuous phrase shapes; at such times, there is no doubt about his inherent musical gifts. But for the most part, the performance was simply a full exploitation of the display made possible by Mahler's un-

impeded succession of rhetorical images.

In the realm of programing, the most interesting prospect of the season is the series devoted to the "*avant-garde*." Bernstein has been an active and enthusiastic promulgator of "American" music of the prewar period. Thus it is at first puzzling to discover, in this supposed representation of postwar music, that its principal emphasis is on "far-out" European composers, along with a few Americans like John Cage and Morton Feldman whose works have aroused interest mainly in Europe. But theatrical considerations immediately provide a connecting link: Copland's "Western" ballets, Harris' scenic symphonies, Schuman's modern-dance pieces, whatever their intrinsic musical qualities, all have prominent theatrical aspects that easily suggest a transition to the "pure" theatre of Cage and the Darmstadt school. From the Philharmonic's point of view, such works have the additional advantage of creating all the old-fashioned aura of mystical expression in a totally new way, without imposing any new performance difficulties. What could be easier for a conductor to sell to a budget-minded board of directors than an *avant-garde* series of great apparent daring that entails no extra rehearsals! Of the three "straight" composers represented on this series, one (Stefan Wolpe) is closer than any other responsible composer to the purely gestural approach, and his symphony

is in any case to be conducted by Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg. The other two, Mario Davidovsky and Edgard Varèse, are to be represented by electronic-vs.-live-performer pieces that have as automatic a situational appeal (in addition to providing ready-made soloists in the form of a prerecorded tape) as the mechanical rabbit and his frantic live pursuers.

Evidently, it becomes increasingly necessary for an institution like the Philharmonic to indulge in such gimmickry in order to sustain the interest of an audience that may already have grown far beyond the limits to which serious music can legitimately hope to reach. The move to Philharmonic Hall, a tourist attraction in itself, has further complicated the situation. But if the Philharmonic's aim is supposed to be the progressive development of real musical awareness in its public, it is discouraging that its "*avant-garde*" festival reveals only a remarkable irresponsibility to the American music profession and to non-temporary music — especially since it is likely to be accepted in most quarters as a generous and accurate representation of new musical developments. All this, I suppose, is only another indication of how far "symphonic culture" — the public's music — has diverged from the real thing, which now appears to have permanently fled to the chamber-music halls.

Today Again

Passion of pigs
in peaked for-
est grubbing for
ants —

stout heads
rumbling
over the bridge of sand,
the huge snouts biting into them.

Buttocks so flat they could be clouds
painted on the ground, opening
out to a sky
of pink, O wide infernal pink,
surrounded by brown ink in

a white bowl, to grope
and drink, to make ourselves
topers of wine, on hol-
low eggs to dine behind

the tomato cans. The sun sloping
behind the hill — its distant red
could be the moon rising. Only
the garbage is green.

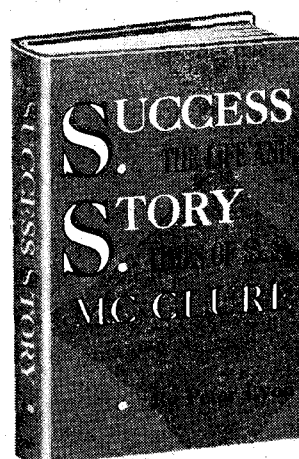
Jim Mosley

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

More typical of the new English theatre than Osborne's *Luther* is Arnold Wesker's *Chips with Everything* (Plymouth). Not that I wish to compare them—I simply mean to indicate that the Wesker play deals directly with the tension between classes, that most of the play's characters are working class (for years such characters have been absent from the fashionable English stage), and that it might be construed as a "Socialist" play.

One owes it to those indifferent to ideology of any sort in the theatre to say at once that *Chips with Everything* is an entertaining show. It is admirably directed by John Dexter with balletlike brio and precision, and acted by young people who offer as fine a display of team work as any we are likely to see these days anywhere in our vicinity. In the playing of the



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cadets (this is not equally true of those who play the officers) there is an unmistakable authenticity that gives the sense of being *there*—there at a Royal Air Force station watching the men being trained for service.

The writing has verve and humor. It is sometimes a little pat. Still the effect of reality is created. Englishmen tell me that if an upper-class recruit spoke to the other men (of the "lower" class) as this one does in *Chips* he would be immediately told to "stow it!" I take no position on this point, but I am inclined to question the psychological pivot that turns the play to its conclusion.

The educated, "well born" conscript of the outfit, Pip, is determined to make his less-favored companions stand up to the officers who are contemptuous of them. This "dandy" is finally "broken" when a young officer of his own class suggests to him that his rebelliousness and would-be leadership spring from nothing but an appetite for power, for an authority denied him at home. It strikes me that, while this may be valid in a general sense, the process of breakdown in Pip demands a longer and subtler dramatization. In the present instance it seems a mechanical device.

What troubles some folk (particularly if they are English) is the assumption that a savage class separation still exists in England. What worries others is an uncertainty as to

what the thesis of the play really is. On this latter point I think I am clear: the working class cannot expect real help from any source other than its own will and collective effort; no salvation will come to it from outside its class, no matter how well intentioned the desire for "uplift" may be. The play also implies that "revolution" is virtually impossible in Britain because, as Heine once said in a similar connection, it is against the law.

Why then, as I took pleasure in the vivacity of the play, did I come to the conclusion at the final curtain (when all the rookies had been sent out to their duties) that "there will always be a Britain" and that the military stringency, with all its gross tactics and the hypocrisy of the officers, was somehow being justified and in fact upheld? Was it simply a failure of artistic craftsmanship? Or is there a virtue in the play's peculiar ambiguity?

Chips with Everything gives evidence of its author's genuine struggle with his material, a struggle with himself as well as with his community. It is a problem which the English are thrashing about in to the point of neurosis, one which for the most part they have as yet been unable to resolve. But the apparently theoretic debate that goes on in England, rather more than anywhere else today, between political commitment in the arts and the free inquiry into the state of man in the universal sense is a phase of Britain's coming-of-age in the 1960s.

Thus there is a merit even in the play's fault; it exemplifies a promise even as it betrays a flaw. Like its young author, it is not yet mature, but is twisting its way to a desirable goal. Its difficulty is part of a larger national crisis—of economy, of social development, of conscience—which men of good will must follow with anxiety, sympathy and hope.

The Obratsov Puppets brought from Moscow by Sol Hurok are, I am sure, delightful. If there is any doubt about this, it arises chiefly from two special factors. The Broadway Theatre is too large for so intimate a show. In the middle of the orchestra floor (let us say in row K) the diminutive figures are hard to see in the minutiae of their droll characterizations. Very likely a smaller house would not have been profitable. Then too, the show suffers from being too much what one expects a puppet show to be—infantile.

It might be said that the kids will

love it. Yet most of its jibes are of the kind that can be fully appreciated only by people who have been to music recitals, cabarets, concerts. Kids are less likely than adults to recognize the absurdity of such occasions.

Technically, the Obratsov Puppets are perfect. They are as effusively good-natured, as innocent and as simple-minded as most of the adults who applaud them in the Soviet Union. The three-month baby puppet who plays the piano with so much temperament is indeed the *Wunderkind* the program proclaims her. I adore gypsy musicians—even phony ones—and those of the Obratsov company are more beautifully grotesque than any I have ever seen. The lions are darlings, especially in their very human hostilities and sibling rivalries. The aged piano mover is a man of sweet dignity and incompetence.

The entire performance may seriously be described as cute as the dickens, but it is—except for the brilliance of its execution—still small stuff. If anyone should challenge me as to how puppets can be more than that I would be obliged to reply, "By not being so much like people!" The great Japanese puppets do not imitate people. For all their frailty they rise to heights of pure aesthetic expression—symbolically epic, with a delicacy beyond the scope of man. That is why Kabuki actors try to imitate puppets rather than people.

There are people in the readings of *Spoon River* (Booth Theatre); people rather than a play. For lack of any new American plays, we are obliged to hail the array of plain folk which that curmudgeon poet Edgar Lee Masters has drawn up for us. Masters is exalted out of anger, dour out of disappointment, full of guile from bile, crabbed and humorous, a gnarled stump of a man without special graces, but still oppressively impressive; minatory, but by force of a salty honesty, ultimately gratifying. He is a squashed and squelched Whitman whose exultant yawp has been reduced to a throttled lyricism. Who could ever forget his country intellectual who went crazy trying to commit the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to memory?

The four actors who "do" these poems with fine spirit are able and intelligent but—whatever their ages—they are too blooming young to convey all the acrimony and crotchety anguish that was in Masters. This may be a boon. The real thing might be too much to bear.

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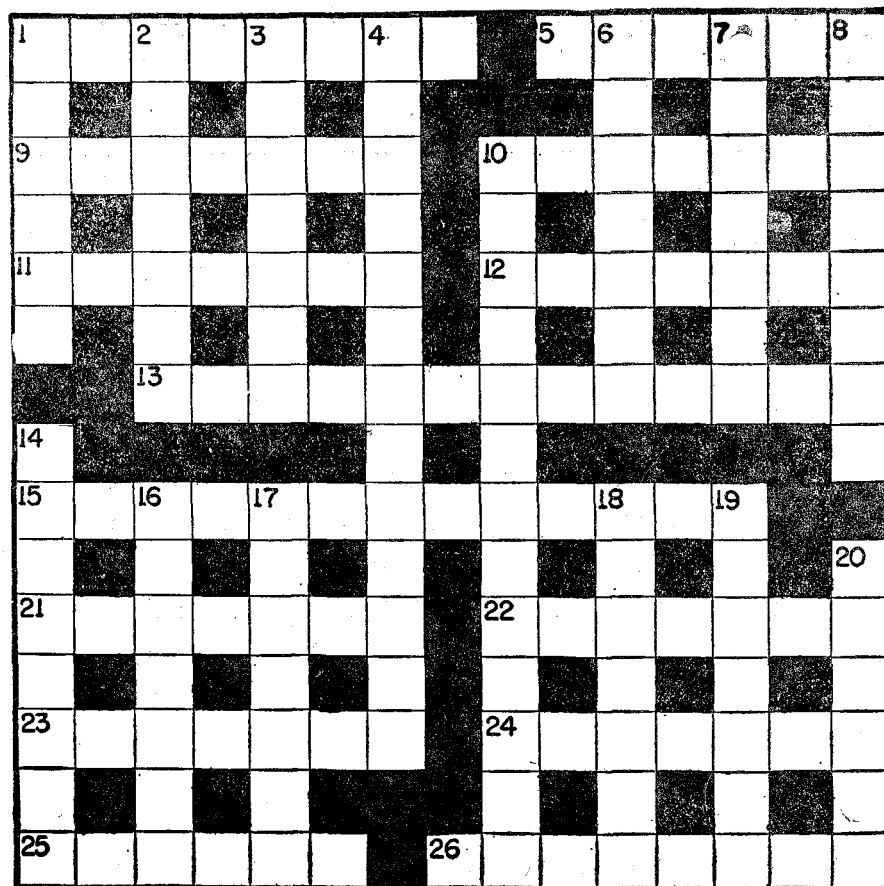
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ACROSS:

- 1 A few additional thoughts about 25 chairs. (8)
- 5 Made a small jar of cheese, as it might be. (6)
- 9 Carry a challenge with you in flight, perhaps. (7)
- 10 Add a little touch to haberdashery as a matter of course. (7)
- 11 One who supports the republic starts out a mathematical scientist. (7)
- 12 Both the bowl and the cereal in it might have the answer. (7)
- 13 Have unnumbered things been exposed to such blemish? (13)
- 15 An avowed vagabond is the last thing one would expect at the bar. (3, 3, 3, 4)
- 21 Material procured at a fair. (7)
- 22 Where to look for copper to be full strength. (2, 5)
- 23 Scorn to have it wrongly said in the racket. (7)
- 24 Owed to Mr. Sikes, but not payable to order. (3, 4)
- 25 An unnatural desire to live? (6)
- 26 Punished as Gilbert's children often were. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 and 14 What the building char force might do with a political issue? (6,8)
- 2 Many have found it rewarding to see in swollen glands. (7)

- 3 How to give your writing a classical slant? (7)
- 4 A dynamic following one might find going around at Christmas time. (8, 5)
- 6 The hectic life of the Muridae family? (3, 4)
- 7 How to give a scintillating performance. (7)
- 8 Inclinations to show what the cautious owner of an unusual pet does. (8)
- 10 Imagine an opening with such a pleasant prospect! (7, 6)
- 16 The swelling of support with a damaged net, in "take-it-or-leave-it" condition. (7)
- 17 The casual manner of Venus? (7)
- 18 Unorthodox behavior for a policeman when not on duty! (7)
- 19 Is one likely to take his turn in service under Vishinsky? (7)
- 20 An order of Lee had to be made better! (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1028

ACROSS: 1 Playing the fool; 9 Arbutus; 10 Lantern; 11 Nuncio; 14 Squalor; 15 Sheep; 17 Gates; 19 Dappled; 21 Agar-agar; 23 Scrape; 25 Ill wind; 26 Release; 27 Gregorian chant.
DOWN: 1 Plain song; 2 Albinos; 3 Intrigues; 4 Gist; 5 Heliograph; 6 Finer; 7 Overawe; 8 Anil; 13 Gladhander; 15 and 21 Salicylic acid; 16 Placement; 18 Trailer; 20 and 12 Dead as a door-nail; 22 Aging; 24 Proa.

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